

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

THE HEROISM OF FILIAL PIETY.

GROWN gray in the military profession, the Count de Montreal thought that he might justly aspire to honourable repose: but what scenes was he destined to witness in his old age! The throne was overturned; terror reigned from one extremity of France to the other. The count was descended from a family which had given heroes to the state; and had distinguished himself by the important services which he had rendered: he was still more revered for his private virtues, and beloved by the army and by the people. His children Octavius and Emmeline were his pride and his happiness; he retired with them to an obscure habitation, situated at a small distance from a town near the Rhine. There, under an assumed name, he hoped to be able to await unmolested the conclusion of the troubles, or to find without difficulty an asylum beyond the river, if they should extend to his humble abode. He soon had but too good reason to congratulate himself on the prudence of the new plan of life which he had adopted. Not a letter, not a newspaper arrived, without informing him of the deplorable fate of some relative or friend. He trembled for his children, whilst their hearts felt no uneasiness, except on his account. Convinced that the mere name of their venerable parent could not be pronounced without instantly becoming his death-warrant, their affection was incessantly studying how to heighten the obscurity which encompassed his retreat.

But while thus anxious for their father's safety, they were perhaps not sufficiently attentive to their own. They often walked into the little wood which surrounded their house. In these moments of liberty, they indulged in those reflections and effusions from which they cautiously abstained in the presence of the count, lest they should ag-

gravate the griefs which he endeavoured to conceal from them. One evening, seated at the foot of a tree on the skirt of the wood, they surveyed the current of the Rhine, tinged by the rays of the setting sun. "Do you see," said Emmeline to her brother, "do you see those vine-covered hills on the opposite shore? Methinks I hear strains of joy proceeding from them. On this side what a sullen silence! It is impossible that the mere breadth of this river can make such a cruel difference between the lot of those who inhabit its banks? When I consider that a single moment would carry us beyond that simple barrier, I figure to myself all three of us in security on the other side. My father, I know, considers it as his duty to continue on this bank, to preserve his possessions for us; but what avail fortune and wealth, if we are not at liberty to think, to act, to feel: if, in short, we must hide ourselves, to love one another?" Not less affected than his sister by these delicious images of liberty and happiness, Octavius promised that the very next morning he would join her to entreat their father no longer to oppose the realization of them.

At the moment when they were rising to return home, Emmeline hastily grasped the arm of her brother, and called his attention to a detachment of armed men, crossing the plain, and apparently advancing towards the wood. Octavius, without manifesting any alarm, turned into the valley which led to the house; but he had scarcely proceeded twenty paces, when soldiers, with fixed bayonets, rushed out from the thickets on the right and left. They demanded his papers—he had none. They seized and began to drag him away. Though unarmed, the dignity of his countenance was sufficient to protect the young lady from insult; while she, pale and trembling, hid her face in her brother's bosom. Octavius soon discovered that they took him for one of the banditti, who just at that time were ravaging the province; and he further learned, that they were going to escort him to the prison of the nearest town. Happy, under his misfortune, on account of this double mistake, which at least satisfied him respecting his father's safety, he pressed the hand of Emmeline, and found, by the

return which he received, as well as by her look, that they understood one another. They reached the town; the people crowded round them: the youth, the beauty, the innocent look of Emmeline excited general interest. At the turning of a narrow street, the escort was obliged to open its ranks. Octavius, more anxious about his sister than himself, took advantage of the circumstance, pushed her with force against a group of women, which immediately opened, and again closed around her. In the twinkling of an eye, her hat was snatched from her head, and one of the large black mantles commonly worn in that part of the country, thrown over her in its stead. The darkness favoured her escape; guided by one of her female deliverers, and in the disguise of a village girl, she left the town, and flew back to her father.

It is impossible to conceive the uneasiness experienced by that affectionate parent, from the hour at which his children had been accustomed to return home. Emmeline, throwing herself into his arms with a feigned joy, related, that, through a most extraordinary mistake, her brother had been apprehended as a captain of banditti: "but," added she, with a forced smile, "when they find themselves deceived, they will soon send him back again to us, depend on it. Octavius himself desired me not to forget to tell you so." The count affected to have as little doubt about the matter as Emmeline; and thus, from the suggestion of mutual tenderness, both the father and daughter strove to practise an innocent deception on one another. Listening only to the dictates of paternal love, the unhappy old man was on the point of quitting his retreat to claim his son. Emmeline, however, exerted all the power of her caresses and her tears, to divert him from so imprudent a resolution; she declared, with a spirit above her age and sex, that she would go and ascertain what had befallen Octavius. Accordingly, and without stopping to take any rest, attired in her peasant's dress, she sallied forth to the town, and inquired her way to the prison. She arrived before the terrific gate; at sight of the iron bars and of the sentinels, her heart throbbed: she could scarcely stand, and was incapable of uttering a word. The jailer's wife suddenly appeared: her open countenance somewhat revived the spirits of the poor girl, who timidly went up to her, and, with a curtsy, offered a basket of fruit which she carried on her arm. Her appearance and manner prepossessed the woman in her favour. "What do you want, my lass?" said she.—"Ah! madam," replied Emmeline, "I should be glad to know something about a—a gentleman who was to be brought here last night."—"A gentleman, heh! why, ay, one of the

robbers, who plunder the whole country."

"Oh! no, indeed, the one I mean is a very honest man: he is my—my—cousin." The jailer's wife could not help smiling. "Come along, my poor girl," said she, "while my husband is out of the way, I'll let you see your cousin, but make haste." Emmeline could have hugged the good woman; she followed her, and as soon as she perceived Octavius, ran and threw herself into his arms. The jailer's wife again smiled, and left them together.

"My dear Emmeline," said Octavius, "I have but a moment to concert with you how to save our father's life, therefore listen to me attentively. On my arrival in this dreary place, I found that I was preceded by a report, that the leader of a numerous band of robbers, whose principal members were already taken, had just been apprehended. Being surrounded and minutely examined by these banditti, they all saluted me aloud as their captain. I began to explain their mistake, but repeated signs warned me that I had best be silent. You know whether I have not other motives to induce me to be so. As soon as I could desire an explanation of the strange honour that had been thrust upon me, I found that my silence, taken for consent, would, by deluding justice, save the leader whom its officers were in quest of; and lastly, I was assured, that, in return for so signal a service, I should be the first released by the joint efforts of the whole band. Return then to our dear father, and keep up his spirits till I come back to you once more." At these words the jailer's wife came to apprise Emmeline, that it was time to retire; and she departed with a lighter heart, under the idea that she might next day perhaps be able to see her brother again. But what a thunderbolt was it for her when she had learned, on the morrow, from the lips of her protectress herself, that no person whatever was allowed to see the prisoners, and that their captain was more closely confined than the rest. She had scarcely strength to return home. It was absolutely necessary for her to muster up the difficult courage of disguising the truth from her father, and of filling his heart with cheering hopes, when her own was rent by the keenest anguish. Several visits to the town, questions repeated even to imprudence, served only to convince her, that farther attempts would infallibly draw down destruction on two objects whose safety engaged all her thoughts.

Meanwhile the trials of the robbers commenced. Octavius persisted in his magnanimous imposture. The court exercised all the rigour of the laws against the criminals; but, as no proof of murder was brought against their supposed chief, he could not be doomed to the scaffold. The

sentence pronounced on him was, to be imprisoned for life and branded. At this dreadful idea, Octavius's courage began to fail; he was on the point of discovering himself, when the sudden recollection darted across his mind, that the mere mention of his name would be a death-warrant to his father. He accordingly submitted to the execution of the horrid sentence. Some days afterwards the convicts were marched off for the fortress where they were destined to be employed in the public works. As they passed through a forest, the guards were attacked and put to flight, and the prisoners released. Octavius flew to his father. While the old man pressed him to his bosom, the hero of filial piety, in the feelings of the ignominy which he had undergone for his sake, could not forbear asking himself, if he was still worthy of the author of his existence?

The extent of his misfortune was known to none but himself. In the absolute seclusion in which Emmeline and the old count had thought it prudent to live, since the fatal moment which parted Octavius from them, they had scarcely heard even a rumour of the fate of the culprits with whom chance had so singularly associated him. They therefore gave full scope to their joy on seeing him again. Emmeline was still more pleased when she heard him conjure his father to remove, without delay, to the other bank of the Rhine. Besides the wish to ensure the safety of all that was dear to him, the unfortunate youth was secretly swayed by another motive, which he took good care not to divulge. An inward voice whispered incessantly, that the son of the Count de Montreal, branded with the mark of infamy, however undeservedly, ought not to allow himself to live. The war presented the means of fulfilling a resolution which no human affection had power to shake. A few days were sufficient to fix his father in a town of Germany. He consigned him to the care of Emmeline, and hastened to enrol himself in a corps of volunteers. The extraordinary valour displayed by him in many engagements, attracted the notice of his superiors. Escaping, in spite of his wishes, from every danger, and surviving all his brother officers, he was promoted, at the conclusion of the second campaign to the rank of colonel, and honoured with the decoration of the brave. The head-quarters were fixed in the very town where the count and Emmeline resided; and he flew to their embraces. Though nothing was capable of attracting him to life, yet, while he lived, his heart could not dispense with their affection.

Plunged, even in the midst of the great world, into an habitual melancholy, he felt no relief for his woes but in the society of his sister. A perfect conformity of character

had closely connected her with a young lady of her own age. Amelia von Selnitz thought herself obliged, out of regard to her friend, at first to love Octavius as a brother. She soon loved him, as, she figured to herself, a wife ought to love a husband when he is handsome, intelligent, and affectionate. Octavius was not so complete a misanthrope as not to perceive that Amelia was equally beautiful and accomplished; but was it not a profanation in his own eyes, to think, for a moment, of a union from which he was forever cut off by the terrible sentence he had pronounced on himself? Amelia, listening, without fear, to the suggestions of her ingenuous soul, was, on her part, engaged in very different calculations from those of Octavius. She made no scruple to acknowledge to her young friend, that she should have attained the summit of her wishes, if she were united to her by still closer ties. Emmeline hastened to acquaint her brother with a circumstance which filled her own bosom with such intoxicating delight. But how great was her surprise! He grew pale, shuddered, and turned away his face, while burning tears trickled down his cheeks. Emmeline, alarmed and trembling, mingled her tears with his; she begged, she conjured him to open his heart to her. Affection finally triumphed over the obstinacy of her unhappy brother, and the fatal secret at length passed his lips.

He imagined that his story would have overwhelmed his sister with confusion and horror: he beheld her, on the contrary, animated with the warmest enthusiasm. The exaltation of her soul was transfused into her language; and, in a few words, she proved to Octavius, that what he considered as a mark of dishonour, he ought, in fact, to look upon as his best title to glory. "Did it not require," cried she, "a hundred times as much courage to save your father, at this price, as to seek a glorious death on the field of battle?" She forced him to confess, what he had not yet acknowledged to himself, that he adored Amelia; that her hand would restore him to peace and happiness, but that he should never have the courage to reveal to her the horrid mystery which embittered his existence. Emmeline endeavoured to convince him that his honour did not oblige him to disclose it; she even made him give her a solemn assurance, that it should be for ever buried in their two breasts only; and love powerfully seconded her efforts. Endowed with that candour which forms one of the principal charms of the females of Germany, Amelia herself communicated to her father the wishes of her heart. The family of the young Count de Montreal, his rank, his military renown, appeared to the Baron von Selnitz a sufficient compensation for the fortune

which he had lost, and he gave his consent to the ardently desired union.

Scarcely had Octavius begun to taste its pleasures, when hostilities were suddenly resumed with new fury. The enemy was but a single march from head-quarters. A sanguinary engagement ensued: Octavius displayed his accustomed intrepidity, but received a dangerous wound, and was carried back to the town. Amelia would not suffer him to have any other nurse than herself. One morning, after a night passed in violent pain, Octavius fell asleep, but his slumbers were extremely restless. Amelia anxiously watched him: by a violent motion, one of his shoulders became uncovered. The mark of ignominy caught her view; she started, drew nearer, assured herself that her eyes had not deceived her, and sunk, bereft of strength, on her knees, beside the bed of Octavius. He awoke: several times he had surprised Amelia in that attitude praying for his recovery. He held out his hand to her with a tender smile; she threw herself into his arms, and bathed his bosom with her tears.

Ever since this unwelcome discovery, death seemed to be imprinted on all the features of the unfortunate Amelia. Melancholy and silent, she passed whole days with Octavius. If he questioned her concerning the declining state in which she appeared, he obtained but a few incoherent words in reply, and sometimes nothing but sighs and sobs. Emmeline, greatly alarmed at her situation, endeavoured, as well as her brother, to ascertain the cause. Her entreaties and caresses at length prevailed, and she drew from her friend the fatal secret. Emmeline gave her a faithful account of all the circumstances connected with the terrible event. "I alone am to blame," cried she; "it was I who made my unfortunate brother promise to keep the matter an everlasting secret: forgive me for having for a moment doubted——" Amelia did not suffer her to proceed. Her face beaming with joy, she led her friend to the bed of her brother. "Dear and generous Octavius," said she, grasping his hand, "till this day I loved you as the first man for whom my heart felt a preference: henceforth that sentiment will be mingled with admiration and respect for the noblest, the most magnanimous of mortals."—"From this day too," replied Octavius, "I shall be completely happy, since I have now no secret that you are unacquainted with. One favour, however, I have to request, and that is, that my father may never be informed of what I have suffered for him."

THE OLD MAIDS.

About the middle of one of the great arteries, through which the stream of life

eternally flows, to and from the heart of the great city, a small and unfrequented outlet runs into a quiet demure looking little square. The various sounds of the thronged street there assume a deep, single voiced-tone, like that of the far-off ocean. A solitary, lorn-looking bachelor, pacing the unsullied flags, or a pensive old gentlewoman arrayed in antique garb, with a fat, lazy, old-fashioned lap-dog, painfully waddling along at the extremity of her richly-figured brocade train, are the only beings who disturb the air of quiet repose, which reigns within this secluded nook.

The largest and most old-fashioned building in the square was some years ago inhabited by several strata of old maids, reputable bachelors, widows who had relinquished all hopes of entering the wedded state again, and ancient couples, unincumbered with children, nephews, nieces, or royster-ing visitants. It was a sort of lodging-house, kept by a taciturn lady, of respectable starched appearance, who was generally reputed to be the relic of some poor subaltern. She was prodigal of alms to decayed veterans; and a maimed limb, or tattered red coat, was always a triumphant appeal to her charitable spirit. She has long been mouldering under the dark green canopy of the melancholy yew, and her little failings and redeeming virtues sepulchred with her in the dark tomb of oblivion.

On the first floor of this bulky and stanch habitation, a sister pair resided. Nobody knew whence Christina and Peggy Macleod had emigrated. Their accents betrayed the country of their birth, but no hint or casual observation was ever dropped by either of them, which could enable the curious neighbours to trace the course of their peregrinations from the lowlands to the great city. In appearance they were as repulsive as a couple of their country's thistles. Age had somewhat furrowed the swarthy cheek of Christina, but her step was stately and vigorous; her eye bright, vigilant, and searching; and her deportment altogether solemn and imposing. Peggy had a frosty and phlegmatic aspect. Her old gray eye was never expressive of emotion; her cheek had a pale-blue cheerless tint; there was none of the warmth of humanity in her visage; she always looked like an iceberg.

Nevertheless, the company of the maiden Macleods was very generally courted. They were persuaded to all the select parties in the vicinity of their abode; and occasionally beseeched to deck the tables of their wealthy acquaintance, at their more public and convivial repasts. They were potent at whist, and admirably versed in the mystic art of compassing the odd trick. Long before the last and parting rubber was played, their card purses were usually seen swaggering

about the baize in portly and respectable corpulence. Christina was particularly keen at the game: she never lost a trick through inattention; but warily and patiently watched for the lucky moment of pouncing on her prey, like a hungry racoon the protracted yawning of a delicious oyster.

An invitation to their monthly suppers was esteemed a great honour. 'Tis true, their slices of ham were transparent, and hung like delicate drapery around the fork that wounded them; but they were arranged in such captivating order on a fine old porcelain dish, and garnished with such prim tresses of green crisped parsley, and so deliciously flavoured withal; that multitudinous inquiries were made by the matronly visitors of the Macleods, for the identical shop where the seductive ham was procured. But Christina and Peggy judiciously evaded all queries on this important subject. It remained for years wrapped up in the dark mantle of mystery. The ham increased in popularity, proportionably to the curiosity excited by the impenetrable darkness in which it was shrouded, prior to its monthly publication on the virgin damask of the Macleod's supper-table.

A beautiful parrot and a fine tabby were (exclusive of the maidens themselves) the principal ornaments of their little abode. Poll was the most well-bred and politely spoken parrot in existence, when his mistresses were present; but the moment they disappeared, he invariably retired to the farthest corner of his cage, and calmly squatting himself down, proceeded to launch out into a strain of most unseemly vituperation, against the sleek tabby who lay purring on the soft hearth rug, and warped towards the joyous blaze in the grate, in all the luxury of careless indolence. He was a very four-footed Socrates, and bore the whole of his uncourteous traducer's epithets, (masculine, feminine, and neuter) with the most provoking stoical apathy and unconcern. Poll would sometimes pronounce a most emphatical oath or vulgar phrase (which smacked marvellously of his nautical probation) in his dreams, to the infinite annoyance of the prudent Macleods, and the great amazement of their female visitors. The wary Christina should have banished the offender from her otherwise immaculate apartment. No after-polishing can render a creature, of a low, vicious, and vulgar education, fit to go through the ordeal of elegant female society. The aboriginal habits, phrases, and ideas, may be partly destroyed, but a large proportion of them are utterly indomable; they may be hunted to lairs and fastnesses, and watched with an ever-walking vigilant eye; nevertheless, they will sometimes unexpectedly burst forth in spite of

every precaution, beard down all before them in their impetuous sally, and riot in ephemeral glory where they once reigned paramount and undisturbed. These sinful and unlucky exclamations of the parrot were subjects for all the good gossips in the vicinity to speculate and descant upon. They shook their heads, looked wise, and hinted their opinions that the parrot must have seen pretty company some time in his life to pick up such vile indecorous phrases. Nobody knew from whence the old women came; and the bird, by their own account, had been in their possession many years before they had settled in — square. The obvious conclusion to be deduced from these appalling premises unquestionably was, that the Misses Macleod were not a whit better than they should be.

Nevertheless, the good gossips kindly continued to grace the *petits soupés* of the maiden sisters with their presence, and Christina and Peggy were daily distracted by the number of warm invitations they received. These incongruous facts may perhaps be accounted for by the following simple circumstance:—The Macleods often boasted of their noble and chivalric ancestors, but never mentioned a word about cousins, nephews, nieces, or any other living relations. There was none of their blood apparently extant, beside what trickled through their own veins; neither had they any adopted favourite of their dotage, and it was agreed, unanimously, that the sisters were certainly rich "to a degree."

Their hearth seldom blazed with the ruddy symptoms of approaching good-cheer; they lived principally at the boards of their affectionate neighbours, and the monthly suppers were lauded to the skies for paragons of elegant, delicious, and impromptu-looking repasts. Bequests are usually made in favour of persons who are already sufficiently rich, and the affluent were particularly attentive to the ancient gentlewomen.

It happened, in the course of Christina's circulation among her friends, that she one day came in contact with a tall, lusty, officer-looking widower. He was arrived at that particular period of life when manhood begins to blend into dull senectude. He had not quite assumed the black aspect of age, neither had he altogether relinquished the goodly smile that curls the cheek of hale maturity. The points of a few silvery hairs, (to use Christina's own expression,) sparkled like solitary and far-parted stars in the "darksome firmament," among his jetty locks. He had an oily tongue, a lip thatched with comely mustachios, and such a military twang emanated from his iron-clad heel, that Donna Christina's heart soon fell a victim to the winged urchin whom she had hitherto so much con-

temned. She began to "sigh like a pavior," write poetry, read novels, and complain that her dressing-glass was full of flaws, and all awry, wore tawdry, and prated sentiment. Nor need we wonder at this metamorphosis, for men of such a stamp often warp the affections of women towards them, and bear the palm triumphantly away from gallant, high-spirited youth.

The widower paid such assiduous court to the bronze-visaged maiden, that the whole neighbourhood was piqued and astonished. The tocsin of alarm was quickly sounded, the cause was common, and every tongue joined in reviling the invader. He was unanimously sentenced to be expelled from the square "by hook or by crook." At first, the effect of sly insinuations, expressive interjections, and anonymous letters, directed to Christina, was tried; but finding these ineffectual, the allied powers proceeded to undisguised and obtrusive slander. It was currently reported, that the widower was a mere adventurer, and that although he styled himself captain, he was nothing better than an ensign on half-pay, or at best some paltry lieutenant on a protracted leave of absence. One middle-aged matron roundly asserted, that she had been in twice as many battles as Christina's admired Hector, and that the boasted scar on his brow was evidently nothing more than the scathe of some infuriated scullion's pot-lid. The event was for some time tantalizing and dubious, but the middle-aged lover at length thought proper to decamp, and his rancorous enemies subsided into their usual habits of carping at, and reviling each other in the intervals of pleasure or business.

A short time after the loss of her swain, poor Christina died, and Peggy soon followed her sister to the grave. The whole of their property proved to be barely sufficient for the payment of the funeral expenses! The momentary consternation of the rapacious expectants was succeeded by the most anxious and painful curiosity to know how the sisters subsisted. This remained for some time a secret; but the cheesemonger having purchased an old ready-reckoner at the sale of their effects, found one of the leaves folded down at the corner, and a black line drawn across the middle of the page, beneath the figures, which tell the daily expenditure allowable at eight pounds per annum. This was universally supposed to be an explanation of the mystery, and that the old maids' income, which every one expected would have proved to be so enormous, was a trifling annuity which expired with them.

THE GLEANER.

BULLS.—Littleton, author of the Classical Latin Dictionary, gives us under the word *specularia*, "*Glass windows made of*

fine transparent stone, like isinglass." The Colossus of Lexicographers, Samuel Johnson, is as deep in the mire. Turn to his "Journey to the Western Islands, (edition 12mo. printed in Edinburgh, 1802), and at page 58, where he is describing the winter of the Hebrides, he expresses himself thus,—"the inlets of the sea which shoot very far into the island, never have any ice upon them, and the pools of fresh water will never bear the walker." Turn also to p. 77 of the same book, and the following inexcusable Bull occurs:—"Macleod choked them with smoke, and left them *lying dead* by families as they stood." At page 23 we have another specimen:—"This faculty of *seeing things out of sight* is local."

HOWLING AT FUNERALS.—This custom, so common in Ireland, seems to have been both ancient and general. It was called by the Greeks *Sternotupia*, and was in use among several nations of old. Dr. Clarke, in his travels in Asia, describes it as very general amongst the Arabs; and we find, from the narrative of the Congo expedition, published in 1818, that it is of common use at Embomma in Africa. The Romans had their *preficæ*, whose particular duty it was to superintend the mode of lamentation at funerals.

MILITARY ELOQUENCE.—General Chevert, at the siege of Prague, just at the moment of placing the first ladder to mount to the assault, called to him serjeant Pascal. 'Grenadier, said he, by that ladder you will mount the first; the sentinel will cry *Qui vive!* You must not reply, but continue to advance. He will demand a second and a third time, and then he will fire; he will miss you, you will kill him, and I shall be there to support you.' The grenadier felt inspired, and all succeeded as foretold.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—Gaspard Barlaeus, who was both a poet and a physician, deranged his brain so much by successive study, that he imagined his body was converted into butter, and he always shunned the fire with the utmost care. Being at length worn out with the continual dread of melting, he put an end to his misery by throwing himself into a well.

ANECDOTE OF DR. GOOD.—A servant brought a letter to his master, Dr. Good.—Who is that for? said the clergyman, seeing him coming.—Dr. Good for nothing, replied the man.—What do you mean by that, you impudent fellow? Give me the letter.—The Doctor read the superscription. This is for Dr. Good—not good for nothing.—Look at it again. Sir, continued the man. There is a frank. You pay nothing for it. The Doctor laughed, and gave the man a shilling.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

THE THUGS OF CENTRAL INDIA.

IN Sir John Malcolm's "Memoir of Central India," a work lately published in London of great merit, there is a very circumstantial account of the numerous predatory combinations or tribes that infest the Mahratta country, and who by their jealousy, ferocity, and lawlessness, render it unsafe to travellers. The Thugs is one of the most singular of these tribes. The following extract contains some curious particulars respecting them:

The Thugs are composed of all casts; Mahomedans even were admitted; but the great majority are Hindoos; and among these the Brahmins, chiefly of the Buldelcund tribes, are in the greatest numbers, and generally direct the operations of the different bands. Their principal residence is on the banks of the Chumbul and Kuwary, north-east of Gwalior, where they have villages, and usually maintain a connexion, or at least an understanding, with the manager of the district. Their expeditions, which extend as far as Nagpoor and the Deckan, have of late years been very frequent in Central India: and more than three hundred of them were in that country in A. D. 1819. They have fixed rules, particularly as to the division of booty. Auxiliaries to their enterprises are sought for in all ranks, but the most abandoned of the officers of government of the countries to which they proceed, are those they chiefly desire; and after having ascertained, by letter or verbal report, that circumstances are favourable, they usually send as precursors, for the purpose of minute local information, spies disguised as religious mendicants, as tradesmen, or as soldiers looking for service, who connect themselves with the loose characters of the country, and all is prepared for the principal party, which often consists of three or four hundred; but these are never seen together, though the different bands travel in perfect communication with each other. Some of them have horses, camels, and tents, and are equipped like merchants; others are dressed like soldiers going under a leader to take service; some affect to be Mahomedan beggars, and Hindu Byragees or holy mendicants; they assume, in short, every disguise. Parties of the boldest and most active are always detached from the main band; these sometimes seek protection from travellers; at others, afford it: in either case, the fate of those who join

them is the same. The Thugs have, concealed, a long silken cord with a noose, which they throw round the necks of their heedless companions, who are strangled and plundered. Their victims, who are always selected for having property, are, when numerous or at all on their guard, lulled by every art into confidence. They are invited to feasts, where their victuals and drink are mixed with soporific or poisonous drugs, through the effects of which they fall an easy prey to these murderers and robbers, the extraordinary success of whose atrocities can only be accounted for by the condition of the countries in which they take place. They attained great strength in Central India, and many gangs of this class passed annually through the country, on their way to the dominions of the Nizam and Parishwah. It is not six years ago since the manager of Mundissoor (Appah Gunghadur) surrounded a body of Thugs, who professed themselves, and appeared to be, a party of horse and foot soldiers that were escorting their baggage on camels and bullocks from the Deckan. He had, however, gained information who they were, and commanded them to submit; they refused, and an action took place, in which the Thugs were routed, some of them killed, and others made prisoners. The whole of their booty was captured, amounting in value to more than a lac of rupees, and comprising every variety of personal clothes and ornaments, rich and poor, for they plunder all classes indiscriminately. Among other articles, a great number of their strangling cords were taken and exhibited.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF DIAS COMES.

DIAS COMES FRANCIS, the compatriot and rival of Camoens, was celebrated, and held a high rank, as an author and poet. He was born in the capital of Portugal, about the year 1743. His father, a mercer of Lisbon, discerning in his son's character many ingenious and original traits of a literary kind, which he discovered from his infancy, bestowed on him an education well adapted to serve the purpose of study, and facilitate the acquisition of scholastic knowledge. The merits of his youth were acknowledged by all; notwithstanding which, from the jealousy of a brother, invidious at the prospect of his future elevation, his father removed him from the college, where he was studying with uncommon industry and success, and obliged him to apply himself, in some measure, to the drudgery of a mercer's counter.

Dias Comes had already laid in an interesting stock of instructive materials to form the man of letters, ere his father introduced him to the practical part of his own business. He was laborious in his new undertaking; but found means and opportunities, from time to time, to vent his own original and excellent ideas on many important subjects of poetry, written with elegance and purity, and considered as infinitely above mediocrity. The muses breathe a very different spirit from that manifested in a countinghouse; but it seems that the inquisitive mind of Dias Comes was not to be fettered. He was a curious observer of the ancients; and it was by exploring the extensive region of classical literature and criticism, that his sources of information were multiplied. His were not rapid glances, such as are made by many modern bards, nor would he ever prostitute his muse to themes merely popular, like others that spread themselves with wild luxuriance over the soil; but keeping himself within bounds, and confined to memorable topics, his poetry holds a distinguished rank among the literary productions of Portugal. The poems which he composed (known to be peculiar favourites of the Portuguese public,) were divided into three parts, elegies, odes, and sonnets; seven of the first, four of the second, and three of the last, accompanied with explanatory remarks, curious and pleasing, instructive and learned. The Academy of Sciences of Lisbon had them printed for the benefit of the author's widow and children in 1799.

Dias was employed, a little previous to his decease, on two poems, entitled, one 'The Seasons,' and the other 'La Henriquida.' The first, a descriptive poem, was intended to contain twenty-four sonnets; six only were finished. The subject of the second, which is the Conquest of Ceuta, contains some striking scenes in the drama of history, but does not appear to harmonize with the peculiar complexion of the author's genius and temper. He drew up, also, two tragedies, under the titles of 'Electra' and 'Iphigenia,' of which it was remarked, and with justice, that they were inferior to his other compositions. His works in prose, three in number, do infinite honour to his acute pen, political opinions, and the genuine sentiments of his breast. The first, crowned in 1792 by the Academy of Sciences, affords a descriptive analysis, or critical synopsis, of the diversities of style in the writings of Sa de Miranda, Ferreira Bernardes, Caminha, and Camoens. The second contains a comparative estimate of the History of Don Juan de Castry, by Freire D'Andrado, and the Life of Don Paul de Lima, by Diego de Couto. The third work is a Treatise on Good Taste in Poetry.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

— Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONES AT DR. MITCHILL'S.

*Conchoidal fracture of Clay, very much
resembling Shells.*

ONE of the embarrassing appearances to those who examine fossil productions, is the frequent occurrence of the figured forms, which have been taken for organic remains. This most commonly happens in relation to the shells of molluscos and radiary animals; more especially the former. It has been considered by many observers so difficult to explain how the actual relicks of animals should become integrant parts of solid rocks, and constitute portions of the earth's strata, that long ago an hypothesis was formed by ingenious men, and plausibly supported, that the things called shells and ferns; and the impressions of scollops and anomias; and of brakes and capillaries; in the compact layers of the globe, were semblances, and not realities. Attempts were made to show that these figurations were not naturally the objects that they had by many persons been believed to be; but were imposing and deceitful resemblances only, arising from peculiar attractions among the constituent particles of the stone or rock. These reasoners thus set aside the whole of the geological science that treats of the preservation of animal and vegetable reliquiae in the strata of our planet, and of their changes into petrifications. There is certainly some foundation in fact for these opinions; though the reasoners, who have drawn general conclusions from partial premises, have been led into error.

Two sets of mineral specimens were exhibited in support of the spontaneous origin of these imposing and delusive forms. The first was a collection from Hudson city; wearing very nearly the aspect of *Cardites*, *Peitinites*, *Arcites*, &c., whose history was this:—Colonel Charles Darling, the ingenious relator stated, that about six months before the 27th August 1824, he laid away a lump of clay in his shop chamber, and paid no attention to it until a few days before. He then discovered it was, without any external evident cause, dropping to pieces; and the pieces were so re-

markable in their shape and modifications, as to invite particular inspection; when he was struck with the strong and close resemblances the fragments bore to the petrifications in the neighbourhood of that place and of Chaverack village, particularly the *Coralite* and the *Gryphite*. This discovery staggered his faith in the theory which refers to marine origin and oceanic production, the extraneous fossils found so abundantly in that region. From the sport of nature in the lump of clay, and the portions into which it separated, it might be conjectured that the phenomena, called petrifications in their mountains, were formed in the same way. All that was done to the clay, was to form it into a lump of about six or seven inches in diameter, and then carelessly to throw it aside among some old lumber. When the specimens were forwarded, it was about one third of its original size, and the operation yet going on.

The second parcel from Erie, near Presqu'île in Pennsylvania, was not less curious. That village, situated near the north-western corner of Pennsylvania, occupies a high and commanding spot on the southern shore of Lake Erie. It is underlaid by strata of soft argillite or argillaceous shist, not hard enough for slating; scarcely compact enough for kilns or fences. They can be viewed to great advantage the greater part of the distance from the navy-yard, to the site of the old French fort, whose ruins, a square with four bastions, are readily traced. A similar stratification is observed along the stream which enters the lake between the ancient work just mentioned and Wayne's Block House. The specimen presented by Mr. Sanford was from the latter place, from a layer about three quarters of an inch thick. Its colour a dirty white, and its hardness so moderate as to bear scratching with the finger nail. The mass easily disunites, by a direct, or somewhat oblique separation, (not properly to be denominated a fracture) into concavo-convex directions; the greater number of which are conical, with wrinkles, bands, and streaks on the surface, as if univalve shells were concealed under the mask. They are of different sizes and diameters; and their lines of demarkation can be discovered on the two surfaces. The material is of a structure loose enough to be picked

to pieces by the hand; it adheres to the tongue; emits the argillaceous odour; and is acted on slowly by water. Indeed, the imitation of natural forms is so close and impressive, that is it not surprising that intelligent men may have been misled by the resemblances. Nevertheless, in both these examples there was no reason to believe there was any portion or particle of organic substance, or a relick of any thing that had once possessed life.

The possessor of the specimens and communicator of the intelligence, was requested to write to the members of the Hudson Lyceum, a full and sufficient answer, through their corresponding associate; the heads of the letter to be as follows:—that nature sported frequently in fantastical forms, as in both the enumerated examples; that the *Cotham stones* from England, imitating landscapes, waterspouts, &c.; the *Florentine marbles* from Italy, resembling ruins of walls, castles, houses, &c.; and specimens from other parts of the world, (all of which were at hand) existed as remarkable and perpetual illustrations of these striking resemblances. But, it was ruled, that it should be observed that similitudes were not identities; that atmospheric deceptions, of water in the desert, and of coasts (cape-fly-away) along the ocean, had often deluded travellers and mariners; and that mirage, or aerial reflections and refractions, had puzzled and bewildered the wise.

Notwithstanding all which occurrences, there were proofs enough of the existence of organic remains, in the more recent strata of our planet. The entertainer's museum abounded with them, from the huge and enormous Mastodon, sleeping in the swamps of Orange and Ulster counties, to the molluscous tribes, numerous and interesting, which encircled him around. The marble pits were replete with this sort of evidence. There was no necessity of resorting to foreign climes for proofs. Still, it was concluded that respectful mention should be made of William Martin, F. L. S. author of *Figures and Descriptions of Petrifications collected in Derbyshire, England*; and of a work entitled "Outlines of an attempt to establish a knowledge of extraneous fossils on scientific principles, Macclesfield, 1809, 8vo." It is he who, in an incomparable book, establishes the two

classes of 1. Preserved Relicks, and 2. Petrified Relicks. It was also recommended that homage should be paid to the extraordinary merit and sagacity of the Chevalier Cuvier, who in his great work, "*Sur les Ossemens fossiles, &c.*" had outstripped all the writers of the age. The order was executed.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

An instrument has been lately presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, by Mons. Benoit, called a Pachometre, for the purpose of ascertaining the exact thickness of looking-glasses in frames, and which received the approbation of the commissioners.

A large fossil animal was lately discovered at Lyme, which has been cleared of the surrounding lias. It proves to be a most valuable specimen of the *Icthyosaurus Tenuirostris*, (the slender-jawed icti) which is very rare. The osteology is very distinct, and the taper tail perfect to the extremity. Connoisseurs are divided respecting its merits as compared with the animal lately sold to the Duke of Buckingham: some consider it to be a finer specimen; there is very little difference in the size.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.
MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

Reminiscences of Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. 1824.

Mr. Butler's present volume is probably the conclusion of his multifarious literary labours. It offers to the reader an interesting introduction to many of the great intellects of England, which adorned the evening of the last and the dawn of the present century.

Mr. Butler has been an indefatigable student during a long and highly respectable professional career, and, like our distinguished Kent, is a signal witness that a first-rate lawyer may also be a first-rate scholar. It is a gross, although a very common prejudice, that the study of the law necessarily debars its followers from an attention to general science and literature. A man of genius and application will always find time to abstract himself from the severe labours of his profession, to converse

with the philosophy of ancient ages, and to listen to the melody of ancient song. Mr. Butler gives four excellent rules which he has followed in his studies,

"To direct the attention to one literary object only at a time.

"To read the best book upon it, consulting others as little as possible.

"Where the subject is contentious, to read the best book on each side.

"To find out men of information, and in their society to listen, not to talk."

The classical disquisitions of the *Reminiscences* are ingenious and instructive, displaying fine critical taste, and claiming respect even where we differ widely in opinion. He attacks the opinion which Herodotus so decidedly advances, that Hesiod and Homer created the *Grecian theogony*, and that they were the first poets. Mr. Butler argues that there were other bards before Homer, upon whom he refined and whom he far surpassed, from the difficulty of conceiving how a poem, perfect in the structure of its verse, in the arrangement of its words and phrases, and in its figurative language, as is the *Iliad*, could be produced in the infancy of poetry. He advances a plausible hypothesis in support of his own theory, which does not admit of abridgment and which is too long for us to extract. Reasoning naturally on this subject, and setting aside external evidence, is it not a consistent belief that the spirit of poetry was imparted to man at the creation of the world? Is it credible that so methodical a system as the Greek mythology could have been created at once in its perfection, instead of growing slowly and gradually like a tree from its root, from *Oupavos*, the most ancient of the gods, to the numerous branches of celestial, terrestrial, marine, and infernal deities? If not, then poets whose names are now lost in oblivion, must have swept the strings long before Hesiod and Homer sung. It is true, as Horace tells us, that the brave men who lived before Agamemnon are un lamented and unknown,

"carent quia vate sacro."

But may not the oblivion which has shaded the laurel of the hero result from that which has wrapt the bay of the poet?

The *Reminiscences* institutes a comparison between Homer and Virgil, in which the "*pious Æneas*" is viewed as he ought to be

in a very unfavourable light. The Latin bard has made his hero not only a tame and insipid, but a very inconsistent character. If the *pious* Æneas did shoulder old Anchises, and bear him off from the flaming walls of Troy; if he did reverentially carry with him his sacred "Penates," that they might not be profaned by the hands of his enemies; did he not shamefully and wantonly abandon the trusting Elisa, because, indeed, the gods commanded him to go to Italy! Such is the apology he makes to Dido for deserting her; but his "Penates" had ordered him to steer for Italy before he touched the shores of Carthage; and knowing this to be his destiny, was it acting the hero to win the heart of a woman whom he knew that he must abandon? Throughout the Æneid, splendid and exquisite as is its poetry, there is great weakness in the delineation of character, with the exception of Dido and of Turnus.

In estimating the merits of *modern poets*, we cannot coincide with the Reminiscent's opinion of Gray. What he considers "disgusting alliterations," we consider beauties of style. When Gray speaks of "black misfortune's baleful train," of "fierce war and faithful love," of "pale grief and pleasing pain," of "woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep," of "high-born Hoel's harp, and soft Llewellyn's lay," and of

Mountains which mourn in vain,
Modred whose magic song

Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head,
do not the alliterations heighten the beauty of the strain, and at the same time assist in developing the sense? If the genius of Lord Byron did not disdain the use of alliteration when Medora sprung to the embrace of Conrad,

"Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face,—
when the Corsair's bark came down,

"Speed on her prow and terror in her tier,"
and when "sepulchral Grahame"

"Breaks into blank the gospel of St. Luke,
"And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch,"

surely it may be doubted whether alliterations be disgusting, if properly introduced.

In enumerating the most eminent English poets of our own times, "Cowper, Byron, Scott, and Southey," how happens it that the Reminiscent forgets the gifted "bard of Hope?" Is there a passage in the whole of Cowper that can compare with Mr. Campbell's descent of Brama in sublimi-

ty, or with the episode of Conrad and Ellenore in pathos, or with the warning of Lochiel in spirit?

The most interesting portion of Mr. Butler's *Reminiscences*, is perhaps the dissertation on the authorship of *Junius*. He canvasses the different claims of the supposed authors in a very luminous manner, and enables us to draw satisfactory conclusions as to who are *not* the authors. Mr. Burke certainly is not, nor is Macauley Boyd, nor the author of "the Chase," nor Charles Lloyd, nor Sir Philip Francis, although a whole volume containing very strong presumptive evidence has been written to prove him so. Mr. Butler evidently inclines to the belief that lord Grenville was the author, but he leaves the question in the dark. Probably the secret will ever rest unexplained, and this powerful and mysterious inquisitor only be known by his "*nominis umbra*." Mr. Butler has not noticed one of the many to whom the authorship has been attributed, the eccentric and highly accomplished Charles Lee. It is true that the arguments in his favour rest on a very slight substructure; but if a bitterly sarcastic disposition, strong natural abilities, and superior polish of education alone were to be taken into consideration, Charles Lee would not stand in the second ranks of claimants to this distinguished honour.

Of the illustrious orators of Great Britain, the Reminiscent has recorded many interesting anecdotes. He presents us repeated instances of the wonderful effect produced by the eloquence of the elder Pitt. He tells us that *manner* had much influence in the impression created by this great man; and this we can readily conceive when manner is coupled with such matter as is to be found in the words of this giant in soul. We can hardly agree with the Reminiscent that the younger Pitt and Mr. Fox made abler speeches, while our memory is still fresh with the passionate and fiery flood of eloquence which lord Chatham poured forth on the ministry, for employing the savages against America in her revolutionary struggle. Divesting ourselves of the partiality which Americans must necessarily feel for the speech in question, we do think that a more splendid specimen of oratory never fell from the lips of mortal man—

where is there aught in Tully or Demosthenes to compare with it?

We have not time to continue our notices on this highly interesting volume; we acknowledge our obligation to the Reminiscent, with whom we have ventured thus to differ, perhaps frowardly, in opinion, for the delight we have received from perusing his instructive and frequently fascinating pages.

B.

THE GRACES.

"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come."
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:
"We come," THE GRACES three, to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman love her than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:
"Let Wit, and Wisdom, with her sovereign Beauty dwell."

AHALYA BAE.

THIS extraordinary female was the widow and successor of a descendant of the celebrated Holkar, who swayed the sceptre of Central India. Sir John Malcolm says, that her administration was a perfect model of wise and beneficent rule. The minister of the late chief intrigued against her, with the view of perpetuating his own authority; but she repelled with uncompromising firmness all the menaces and warlike demonstrations which he procured to be made in support of his schemes, and, when she had completely put down all opposition, finished by restoring him to favour and his former office on the ground of his previous services and his high character. She next consigned that part of the government which comprised the command of the army, and the title of sovereignty, to Tukajee Holkar, of the same tribe, though not of the same family with her husband. This frank and manly soldier never forgot his duty to his benefactress, nor abused the indulgence with which she invariably treated him.—His military business kept him much out of the country, and he was, of course, frequently called on to decide and act on his own judgment; but, whenever practicable, he invariably referred to her as the supreme directress.

Ahalya was conscientiously religious, and seems to have mingled with the superstitions amid which she was born, sentiments and actions of a higher and more enlightened piety. The hours which were not given to the affairs of state, and the administration of justice, were employed in devotion and charity. She used to say, that she "deemed herself answerable to God for every exercise of power;" and in the full spirit of a pious and benevolent mind was wont to exclaim, when urged by her ministers to acts of extreme severity, "Let us,

mortals, beware how we destroy the works of the Almighty." Her application to the duties of her high office was intense and unremitting; and from the age of thirty to that of sixty, at which age she died, in 1795, she appears to have fully entitled herself to the enthusiastic veneration and the attachment which were lavished on her by all classes of her subjects, and which still embalm her memory. Excepting in one solitary instance, her territories were never profaned by the foot of an invader; and that one aggression was so promptly encountered and defeated, as to compel the enemy to submission. One illustration of her jealous regard to justice, and to the rights of her subjects, is too striking to be passed over: Tukajee, while encamped in the neighbourhood of Indore, had desired (at the instigation of some interested persons) to share in the wealth of a rich banker who died without children; and, however unjust the interference of the chief, he had the sanction of the common practice of Native governments. The mind of Ahalya, however, was cast in a different mould; and when the widow appeared as a petitioner at the Durbar of that high-souled sovereign, her story was listened to; a dress, which confirmed her as sole mistress of the house and property of her husband, was bestowed on her; and Tukajee instantly received an order to march a short distance from Indore, and not to molest her city with unjust exactions. A ready obedience to the mandate made amends for the error of Tukajee, while the occurrence more endeared Ahalya Bae to a town where her name is to this day not only revered, but adored.

Hostility against Ahalya Bae would have been a species of sacrilege; she was canonized both in the Hindu and Mohammedan calendar; the Nizam, the Paishwah, Tippoo Sultan, and Madhujee Sindia, emulated each other in demonstrations of respect. Having, soon after her husband's death, lost her only son, her later years were embittered by the determination of her only daughter, who became a widow, to burn. The agonizing entreaties of Ahalya were vain, and she commanded herself sufficiently to be present at the dreadful scene. But when the flame caught the funeral pile, she lost all self-control: her shrieks mingled with the frantic shouts of the multitude; she gnawed her hands in anguish, and for three days remained in speechless agony.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jonathan Ball vs. John Bull.

[In continuation.]

THE debut of kindness at my brothers, was succeeded by all that it promised: my eyes were delighted with what in yankee

phraze is called a power of fine sights; my ears were provided with a concatenation of sweet sounds; my nostrils regaled with all the savory effluvia of London fragrance; my palate cloyed with the most delicious viands; and my feelings soothed by the frequent pressure of the fraternal hand. But amidst all this freshet of love and goodwill, I could not but observe that whenever the comparative merits of our respective countries were discussed, the United States were by Brother John placed in most Lilliputian opposition with the Brobdingag glory of Old England—Brother John did not affect this; he really considered the ancestral glory of England to be his exclusive, inherent, absolute property—a property which, as an Englishman, he could not abandon if so disposed. He deemed it no indelicacy to speak of this exclusive right, as he imagined no one, especially an inhabitant of the United States, would be hardy enough to dispute it. Methinks I can now see my good brother, after handing me the best chair in his shop, which he dusted with a cambric handkerchief, seating himself on his counter, and grasping his yardstick with the lordly air of Neptune in Grecian statuary, exclaim, “It wont do, brother Jonathan; you must not compare your creole yankee country with good Old England.—Where are your great men who may compare with Alfred the Great, Edward the Black Prince, Richard Cœur de Lion, Henry the fifth, or Alderman Wood?” I could only produce the immortal Washington, Dr. Franklin, and Dr. Mitchill. As to the first of these he observed, it is well known he was the son of George the Second by the Countess of Konigsmark. As to Franklin, it is as well known that he picked up all his knowledge about lightning rods while he was a journeyman printer in London; and that I would not talk of Dr. Mitchill if I had ever read the works of the great Dr. Kitchiner, and Mr. Accum. The first has taught us how to make a goose roast himself alive; and the other has proved to the great consolation of the citizens of London, that nine-tenths of their daily food is compounded of mortal poison. I had no inclination to dispute the knightly bearings of the heroic Alderman Wood; but I could not perceive in what nearer connexion brother John stood to the dusty glory of Alfred the Great, and the other heroes he mentioned, than myself.—At length a too frequent occurrence of conversations of this nature, somewhat nettled me, and I resolved to come to some explanation on this national subject—preparatory to which, having occasion to quote Shakespeare, I observed, as *our* (laying peculiar emphasis on the word *our*) as our immortal bard of Avon says.—Brother John looked astounded; all his English blood mantled

in his face, like brown stout in a bottle ready to burst, and he looked as much shocked and confounded as if his shopman had overset his inkstand into a bale of choice silks prepared for his noble customers to exhibit at a birth-night ball. At length he exclaimed, “Our immortal bard of Avon! see brothers, how we apples swim! Why Brother Jonathan, you don’t go for to pretend that you yankees have any share in the glory of the immortal Shikspur,—why at this rate we shall hear you talking of *our* William the Conqueror, *our* curfew bell, and *our* battle of Agincourt.” “And why not?” replied I. “Am not I, as well as you, lineally descended from the illustrious family of the English Bulls,—and have we not both the royal blood of the Saxon Princess Elfrida flowing in our veins? When and how was I divested of my share of the ancestral glory of Old England? I cannot, for the soul of me, see why your being left to the care of Uncle Nipperkin here in London, and my being launched into existence three days after our mother’s landing in the United States, should have divested me of all claim, and left you an exclusive right to the fame of our common ancestry. As I am convinced of my pretensions,” continued I, setting myself firmly on my center, “I shall continue to say our Shakespeare, our Milton, our Queen Boadicea, our Admiral Blake, our Sir Isaac Newton, and our all the other great men who have glorified Old England.” Brother John stood erect, and brandishing his yardstick with constitutional majesty, rejoined, “Mr. Jonathan Bull, when you are alongside of Birkbeck in your own wilderness, you may talk nonsense as long as you will, but in my shop you yankees will ever be considered what the Hong merchants in Canton justly call you, “Second chop Englishmen.” He was proceeding to recite several pages of his great oracle Mr. Gruffhead, when, fortunately for our family peace, a dashing lady somebody appeared, and with a profusion of habitual smiles and bows was ushered by Brother John into a back parlour, where he exhibited a fashionable silk, fresh from the manufacturers, which he had absolutely promised to some great Duchess, but from which, out of profound respect for her ladyship, he would supply her under the strongest injunctions of secrecy. Now Brother John, like all the Bull family, is of a generous nature: they will say and do a thousand foolish things when in anger, but on reflection they are always placable and just: the only difficulty is to make them reflect. Brother John had fortunately time for reflection, and on his return to the shop he squeezed my hand in the most affectionate manner. “Forgive me, brother Jonathan,” said he, “I

ought to have reflected that it is your misfortune to be born in a country full of strange notions,"—and so we were at peace.

What renders this exclusive claim of my Brother John the more provoking, is the discovery, that he and all the English Bulls with whom I conversed, stand prepared to appropriate to themselves all the fame, honour, and glory, which the United States have already acquired, or may acquire hereafter. One day an intelligent foreigner, who had resided a long time in this country, came into the shop, and conjecturing that I was an American, (perhaps by a certain saucy independent expression of features, which may be called the republican bronze) he delivered with much animation a eulogium upon the United States; spoke of our great Canal, our ports of entry four hundred miles in the interior, our literary institutions, our budding taste in the fine arts, our inventive powers; in brief, on all our infant essays to become a powerful, polished and happy nation; and concluded by observing, that indubitably in process of time we should fill an ample page in history, and cause the greatest nations in Europe to hide their diminished heads. "And why not," exclaimed Brother John, "are they not the offspring of Englishmen? Indeed a Mr. Campbell, who manufactures rhymes and magazines, [they *manufacture* every thing in England] says that when in the customary march of nations towards ruin and oblivion, England shall arrive at the last stage of decrepitude, all the fame, greatness, power, and glory the United States may acquire, will naturally revert to the English as their progenitors. If this be the case, and they are prepared to deposit such a rich harvest of American fame in their garner of glory, it does seem a little hard that they should forbid us to snatch a fragment of the same commodity from the lumber in the garret of our paternal mansion.

Before I conclude this wearisome, dry detail of a legal claim, I ought in justice to Brother John to observe, that maugre the spite of Mr. Gruffhead, the lies of Fearon and Faux, and the miser-like spirit with which he hoards national glory, he and all the Bull Family really love us, and hear of our prosperity with pride and pleasure, and are willing we should become the greatest nation in the world, except Old England.

Now, Messrs. Editors, if any of your counsellors learned in the law will recover of the present sturdy occupants my share in the stock of glory funded by our common ancestors, I renew my promise of allowing them, the aforesaid counsellors, a moiety of what they may obtain; for one half share of English glory is sufficient for any reasonable man.—Yours to serve,
Yonkers, Oct. 17th. JONATHAN BULL.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 5. Vol. II. of *New Series* of the *MIR-
NERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The House Keeper.*—*The Dreamer of Driva.*—*The Worthy Soldier.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Manners and Customs in China.*

THE DRAMA.—*Theatrical Decorations.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Last Moments of Schiller.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Notices of New Publications.*

THE GRACES.—*Calendar—November.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*The Nose.*

POETRY.—*To a Sky Rocket*; by "C." and other pieces.

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

An application will be made at the next meeting of the legislature, to incorporate the New York High School Society, with a capital of \$25,000.

Messrs. Bliss and White have contracted with the publishers of the Westminster Review, to supply that valuable and popular work regularly at the London price, without any additional charge for transportation, insurance, or duty.

Several black spots may now be seen with a good spy glass on the sun as it rises, or until it is from five to seven degrees above the horizon. The spots form a curved line at about 1-8th of the Sun's diameter from its centre, in the N. E. quarter.

A pump has been invented at Baltimore, which is said to work almost of itself, and to raise the water to any given height.

At the last Brighton cattle show, General H. A. S. Dearborn exhibited a glass hive, which had been filled with honeycomb in 22 days, and was supposed to weigh 100 pounds.

An apple weighing 26½ ounces, of the species called pound pipins, was lately exhibited at Bordentown, New Jersey.

Orange trees in Florida are said to yield on an average, from 3500 to 6000 oranges each in a season; giving \$500 as the produce of an acre.

MARRIED,

Mr. Besel Dykes to Miss Mary Buchanan.
Mr. W. A. Cruikshank to Miss Ann West.
Mr. John P. Lane to Miss Lucy W. Smith.
M. J. Saunders to Miss Sarah Peck.

DIED,

Mr. Nicholas N. Anthony.
Mr. John Bedient, aged 63 years.
Mr. George McPherson, aged 33 years.
Mr. Ellis Van Antwerp.
Mrs. Elizabeth Rose, aged 93 years

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

NIAGARA.

HARK! on the winds, methinks I hear the roar
Of waters—'tis a voice from that dark gulf
Where Erie meets Ontario, and it comes
Like the deep yell of many warring spirits!
Niagara! who that has ever seen
Thy torrent of a thousand streams and lakes,
Its dark, deep, foaming mass of waters pour
Into thy yawning chasm of death, or gazed
As it did rush as 'twere from the infinite height
Of Heaven, and seemed as it had thence brought down
The rainbow, blast, and thunder, such the light
Around thy brow, and sudden rush of winds,
And ceaseless, ponderous peals of sound; or who
Hath been beneath thine everlasting walls
Of tumbling torrent and unshaken rock,
Arched as a palace of magnificence,
Where nature reigns in dark sublimity,
And felt not an oppressive sense of power
And majesty in Him, who thus doth pour
The cataract from his palm! If now thou'rt grand,
Far grander still, when haunts of men were not
Upon thy shore, and the vast solitude
Of boundless, trackless wilderness, through which
Thou'dst worn thy deep and rock-bound path, appeared
Awe-struck to tremble at thy dreadful voice!

CLIO.

For the Minerva.

MONODY

On the Death of Lord Byron.

The sire's hush'd! with hoarsely swelling roar
Sweeps the foam-crested billow to the shore;
The storm-cloud heaves its covering height away,
And yields its terrors to returning day.

When the last murmur of the storm blown o'er,
The fainting sob of the expiring gale,
And mellowing thunders which return no more,
Swell like expiring grandeur's funeral wail,
What human heart but inly deeply feels
The oppressive power of silence, as she steals
Like some lone widow where the fight has been,
With slow and faltering step upon the scene?

Byron! thou mighty master of the storm,
Thy voice of thunder peals no more—to warm
With lightning blaze the wilderness of thought
Through which thy rushing wing has sped, and to thwart
The appalled traveller in his dark'ning course.
The uprooting wind has ceased; thy torrent force
Of flooding imagery no longer swells,
Gone with the shadow of its fading source
The cold, dark cloud wherein thy power dwells
In that deep feeling of the storm blown o'er,
When its lull'd thunders shall awake no more,
Do we not mourn the mighty spirit flown
From mortal confine? a vast meteor grown
Too bright for this star—seeks again its own;
Shall we when pondering on its brilliant flight,
So soon envelop'd in the clouds of night,
Remember only that a hurtful gas
From putrid fen or from the dark morass,

Has form'd that meteor? When with just amaze
We mark the eagle with unshrinking gaze
Eyeing the sun and wheeling midst his rays,
From her proud, airy height shall fancy bend
To think the eagle can at times descend
And "prey on garbage?"

The storm's grandeur gone,
Shall we then brood upon its gloom alone?
Who, in the agitation which pervades
Still trembling nature, when her terror fades
Into a sunny smile—sees not her charms,
Her beauties heightened by her late alarms?
In the wild grandeur of the foaming wave,
The rising bound of the o'ercharged bough,
The glistening of the pearly drops which lave
Fresh flowers all perished with drowth till now.
Oblivion shears the horrors of the storm,
The scathed oak and lightning riven rock;
Or if (when startled o'er their prostrate form)
Nervous imagination hears the shock
Which laid them low—she breathes a timid prayer
To Him who bids the thunder strike or spare.

The eagle's wing is furled! the meteor's flight
Sinks in the darkness of a starless night.
The storm is hushed! from the storm-spirit's hand
The powerless thunder falls; the lightning wand,
Beneath whose touch the soul of nature rose,
Is crush'd in that cold hand's convulsive close.
Hark to the deep and melancholy sound!
That thunders mingled with the groaning wave,
In earthly chorus fills the air around
With plaintive murmurs o'er yon new-raised grave,
The spirits in the elements who dwell
Are chanting parted grandeur's funeral knell.

"Byron's no more!" Raise high the mournful wail,
Let the heart-sigh of nature swell the gale.
Mourn o'er him, Nature; free-born Fancy, mourn;
Weep, widow'd Contemplation, o'er his urn:
For though affection joins not in the throng,
And social feelings still maintain their wrong—
All grateful Liberty and the exalted Nine,
A wreath of glory for his brows shall twine;
And fame midst empires' tombs point mighty genius
thine.

THE DEMON'S ISLE.

Merrily, merrily danced a bark
The ocean surges o'er,
But the tempest fiend came wild and dark,
And the bark was seen no more.
The blast was high in the starless sky,
Where the forked flash was glaring,
And the desert shore was sprinkled with gore
Where the sea-bird his prey was tearing.

Slowly, slowly, the pale dawn crept
From the dark embrace of night;
The storm was hushed and the wild winds slept,
Save a murmuring breeze that lightly swept
A raft o'er the surges white,
Sir Egbert there, with his lady fair,
For weary life were striving,
And the burdened mast, on the current fast,
To the Demon's Isle was driving!

Sadly, sadly, o'er paths unblest,
They pass'd with footsteps sore,
O'er tangled wilds that ne'er were press'd
By mortal foot before;

The wild dog howled and the she-wolf growled,
The wanderers' hearts dismaying,
And the serpent rolled his scaly fold,
Where their lonely steps were straying.

Deadly, deadly night-shade arched
The path of the hapless pair,
And their limbs were faint, and their lips were parched,
And their hearts sank in deep despair;
For save the fruit of the poisonous root,
Nor berry nor herb were growing,
And many a snake hissed loud in the brake,
Where the lonely stream was flowing.

Darkly, darkly fell the shade
Of night on the Demon's Isle;
His lady's couch Sir Egbert made
Where the air o'erhung the glade.
"I'll hurl the wolf in yon craggy gulf,
If near thy slumbers prowling,
And the serpent shall start and glide apart
To hear the savage howling."

Fatally, fatally Egbert drank
Of the deadly dew as it fell,
Till in slumbers deep his eye-lids sank
O'erpower'd with a magic spell.
At the raven's croak with a start he woke,
His flesh with terror creeping,
And he softly slept where his lady had slept,
But he found no lady sleeping.

Wildly, wildly o'er rock and steep,
Then traversed the frenzied knight,
With many a curse on his treacherous sleep,
And many a curse more dread and deep
On the treacherous elfin sprite!
Up started then, from his gloomy den,
The fiend in his anger proudly,
"I care not for ban of a perjured man!"
He cried to Sir Egbert loudly.

Boldly, boldly Sir Egbert's brow
He crossed, then hallowed his blade,
Cried, "Holy Virgin, oh, help me now!"
And cleft down the elfin shade,
With an eldritch scream, like a fading dream,
The grisly shape departed,
And his lady dear, from the cavern drear,
To his eager bosom started.

Gaily, gaily carols the lark
At the smile of the rising morn,
And gaily, gaily speeds a bark
O'er the ocean surges borne.
Sir Egbert there, and his lady fair,
A boundless joy's pervading,
And the Demon's Isle, from their ken the while,
Far, far o'er the billow is fading.

The following lines are from the pen of an accomplished English lady, not yet 21 years of age.

SAPPHO'S SONG.

Farewell, my lute!—and would that I
Had never wak'd thy burning chords!
Poison has been upon thy sigh,
And fever has breathed in thy words.

Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame
Thy power, thy spell, my gentlest lute?
I should have been the wretch I am,
Had every chord of thine been mute.

It was my evil star above,
Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong;
It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song.

If song be passed and hope undone,
And pulse, and head, and heart, are flame?
It is thy work, thou faithless one!
But no!—I will not name thy name!

Sun-god, lute, wreath, are vowed to thee!
Long be their light upon my grave—
My glorious grave—yon deep, blue sea:
I shall sleep calm beneath its wave!

EPIGRAM.

To a Lady who wished the Author good night.
Dear Nancy, why wish me good night?—As I live!
It is needless to wish what you freely can give.

EPITAPH.

Selby, Yorkshire.

Here lies the body of poor Frank Row,
Parish-clerk and grave stone cutter;
And this is writ to let you know,
What Frank for others us'd to do
Is now for Frank done by another,

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Liquorice.

PUZZLE II.—Bar.

SOLUTIONS OF ANAGRAMS.

I.—Misanthrope.

II.—Presbyterian.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

To nothing add ten, with three-fifths of two score,
And let them be join'd by five hundred more;
These rightly combin'd will give you the name
Of a city thst's high in the annals of fame.

II.

If you join to five, six, with one eighth of eighteen.
You will know what in blockheads was never yet seen.

ANAGRAMS.

I. Hard Case.

II. There we Sat.

III. His set Cry.

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